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SUNDAY, APRIL 29, 1906.

Contentment is more satisfying than exhilaration, and contentment means simply the sum of small and quiet pleasures. —Beecher.

Playing With Fire.

Twenty years ago the iron chancellor, Bismarck, undertook the same temporizing policy in dealing with the Socialists of Germany that Mr. Roosevelt is apparently attempting in his graduated tax on inheritance. The outcome of Bismarck's policy was a lamentable failure. So far from forestalling Socialism, he gave it a standing and position by this recognition that never could have been gained otherwise, and, as a result, Socialism throve and prospered. Nor did the Socialists thank Bismarck for his half-way measures. Rather, they recognized them as mere makeshifts, and at once proceeded to carry out their own plans as best they could, with such good effect that to-day the Socialists hold the balance of power in Germany.

In England it is a political truism that every radical concession has been gained from conservative governments, which have thrown tub after tub to the whales, until now Great Britain has a number of profoundly Socialistic tendencies in its administration.

In America we are suffering from conditions arising from railroad discriminations, trusts, protective tariff and corrupt pensions that have bred great unrest among the people, but we are not at heart Socialists. Even the great prestige and personal charm of Mr. Roosevelt will not suffice to create at once a Socialistic party, though he may powerfully assist that cause by such deliverances as his last pronunciamento. What we need to-day is a square deal and not a Socialistic palliative. To destroy the incentive of mankind for work, no matter where you put the limit, is to rob the race of just that much power. And a fortune limited at ten million dollars to-day may be limited at a few thousand in a few years. For our part, we are perfectly willing to live under laws that the American people see fit to make. We have no fear of the future, and we have no distrust of the intelligence of our fellow-citizens, but it is well to remember that even the omniscient Roosevelt may offer quack panaceas.

The examples of England and Germany both show that no half-hearted Socialistic measures, proposed by so-called conservative governments, have ever proven effective in dealing with conditions that produced the demands for reform or thorough-going Socialism. We do not think that Mr. Roosevelt's plan will be seriously considered by anybody, but it is a significant sign of the times.

Professor Sidgwick and Dr. Crapsey.

Despite the endeavor of the prosecution to confine the arguments in the Crapsey heresy trial strictly to the point at issue, the discussion has inevitably run deep into the theological profundities. That issue is simply as to whether Dr. Crapsey's teachings have violated the fundamental doctrines of the Anglican Church, but a necessary precedent to deciding this is to establish precisely what those doctrines are. New light and changing thought have gradually led, beyond doubt, to a liberal interpretation of terms which were once accepted with entire literalness. The ministry has not been free from the influence of modern religious discussion. "If you judge this man on narrow lines," passionately exclaimed the Rev. Dr. McComb, on Friday, "you practically disfranchise the majority of the clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church; for there are few among us against whom such charges could not be arrayed."

The New York Evening Post calls attention to an interesting parallel between the case of Dr. Crapsey and one of those hypothetical cases upon which the late Professor Sidgwick sometimes marshaled able discussions of certain aspects of theological morals. Professor Sidgwick was professor of moral philosophy at Trinity College and was in this field, as The Post says, a fully qualified expert. Sidgwick was thoroughly in sympathy with the liberalization of Christian creeds, was steadily outspoken for "the utmost possible freedom for clergymen." Unhesitatingly practicing what he preached, he found in time that his personal beliefs were not the beliefs prescribed by his church, and he resigned from the ministry, summarizing his position in the words of St. Paul: "After the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers."

But Professor Sidgwick, with all his broad rationality, balked at the position which Dr. Crapsey appears to be occupying and defending. He could find no justification for the clergyman who, while explicitly disbelieving certain parts of the church doctrine, yet regularly stands before his congregation and affirms his belief in them. Such a man, he holds, may not claim that he is speaking the truth proleptically—that is, that he is giving the truth as future seekers will confess it. Nor can he stretch the theory of liberal interpretation to cover an unequivocal denial of a perfectly simple and clearly-stated fact.

"My contention," he writes, "is simply that the widest license of variation that can be reasonably claimed must stop short of the permission to utter a hard, flat, unmistakable falsehood; and this is what a clergyman does who says solemnly—in the recital of the Apostles' Creed—'I believe in Jesus Christ . . . who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Vergin Mary,' when he really believes that Jesus was, like other human beings, the son of two human parents."

This, we believe, is precisely the case of Dr. Crapsey. The question involved most deeply in his situation, from his own point of view, is thus not theological, but ethical or moral. Has he, with his beliefs, any place in a church whose doctrine is officially summed up in the Apostles' Creed? Sidgwick, at once authority and immensely broad-minded man, insists that he has not. The heart of Sidgwick's argument seems to be that while portions of the creed may be considered with entire conscientiousness as tacitly abandoned, there must remain a certain residium, an irreducible minimum of hard fact, the negation of which no possible theory of liberalization can be stretched to cover.

The defense of the Crapsey case has several times reiterated that it is not the clergyman, but the church, which is now on trial. If we apply Professor Sidgwick's view, this argument falls instantly to the ground. Dr. Crapsey's advancing ideas have brought him, in the professor's judgment, beyond the region where variation is a mere question between "literal" and "liberal," to the point of flat denial of a matter of plain historic fact. If this is true, there can be no doubt as to the church's attitude towards him.

The French Crisis.

Affairs in France are in a very critical state. Beginning with the long-drawn-out agitation for the disestablishment of the church, matters have gone from bad to worse, and now an incipient revolution is in progress. The present republic has always had a number of enemies among the loyalists and legitimists, and has made for itself a number of bitter foes among the clericals. In addition to these sources, every government in France can count upon opposition from those anarchists and socialists who are always against the government. On the other hand, the revelations which showed the extent to which the Freemasons controlled the army and the bitterness of the fight that was being waged on all orthodox Christians by a governmental clique of unbelievers, naturally raised up bitter opponents to the existing government.

From such diverse elements, the royalists, the legitimists, the clericals, the socialists and the anarchists, a party has been organized called the "bloc," and for three years or more this party has harried the government. The first marked weakness the government showed was in its method of taking inventories of church property. It will be remembered that when the church was finally separated, the government undertook to take an inventory of all the property the church owned, in order that it might be determined upon what basis this property should be taxed or paid for. There is no evidence that the government took these inventories in an offensive or unnecessarily harsh manner, but the mere fact that the soldiers of a hostile government should seek to handle and pry into the sacred precincts and possessions of a church was sufficient to arouse the bitterest opposition. And, indeed, in many instances the government had actually to give up any attempt to take up these inventories. This course of action, no matter what its motives may have been, was construed by the opponents of government as a sign of great weakness, and taking this as an intimation of what might be expected, the enemies of government went on to greater excesses.

Recently President Loubet's term of office expired. In his place was elected Fallieres, who represents all of these warring, but for the instant united, factions. Shortly after Fallieres's election, the terrible mine disaster at Courrieres took place. The magnitude of this catastrophe aroused the workingmen, and using some real grievances as a basis, the workingmen made a number of demands which the mine owners refused to allow. The leaders of organized labor, however, saw their opportunity and seized it. In addition to the other forces opposed to the government was added that of organized labor throughout the whole of France. Already a number of serious conflicts have taken place between the troops and laboring men. In one instance over a hundred soldiers were wounded, and as yet the government has refused to allow the troops any method for the protection of themselves. This temporizing policy added to the force of the opponents of the government.

But in the last few days the government has taken a much more vigorous attitude towards the strikers, who are really fomented by enemies of the government, according to M. Clemenceau. Upon this view the agitation is ephemeral and is not significant of important revolutionary tendencies.

Despite the reported discovery of a royalist plot in which the Bonapartists, as well as the Bourbons were implicated, the New York Herald correspondent, whom we quoted in yesterday's paper, is unable to find any one who will state his belief that a real revolution is inevitable. Thirty years ago the saying was common that France would be all socialist or all empire in twenty years, and yet the third republic has withstood all sorts of attacks from within and without, and at present the ominous murmurings have not yet made the public believe that the threatened demonstration on May day will have any serious effect on the government.

The Memphis Plan.

After the violent epidemic of yellow fever in 1878-79, Memphis was so near utter ruin and insolvency that drastic measures were needed to keep it alive. In this emergency the people of that city evolved a plan which was nothing more nor less than government by commissioners. Under the name of Shelby county the whole city of Memphis placed itself under the control of a commission that had the power of levying taxes, expending those taxes and appointing all the city officials. The same method was used by Galveston when it set about repairing the fearful loss caused by the hurricane and flood of 1900. In both cases the public found that it was not only possible to select men that could and would do this work with absolute success, but that, by leaving the responsibility undivided, an incentive was given to the commission to take the responsibilities and to show a spirit of progress that has been always found lacking when the same work was attempted by much larger bodies.

What Memphis and Galveston did under the stress of plague, pestilence and famine, the city of Houston, which is strong and prosperous, and the city of Dallas, which is one of the most virile and prosperous cities in America, have both undertaken to do, just because it was good business. It is also reported that the city of San Antonio is going to follow the example of Dallas and Houston.

This method of municipal administration is being called the Texas idea. As a matter of fact, the credit belongs to Memphis, and the principle belongs to common sense everywhere. The reason that Berlin and Paris have been able to make such astounding advances in municipal decoration, health and prosperity has been almost entirely due to the fact that they were governed by a few men who had the power and the capacity to carry out such plans. The present system of municipal administration in America gives a mayor very little power and leaves the collection and disbursement of taxes and all the petty details of government in the hands of a large Council and Board of Aldermen, making it impossible to prevent mismanagement, and, by removing the sense of individual responsibility, it withdraws one of the most powerful motives that has yet been discovered for good government.

In theory, as well as practice, the success of the Memphis or Texas scheme has established that the trend of modern municipal government is towards giving more power to individual officials, be they called mayor or commissioners, that the people may know whom to hold responsible for any failure and whom to praise for success.

Public Opinion Wins Again.

In a full page editorial the New York World congratulates the public on the signing of the Armstrong law, and reviews the efight in New York against insurance graft—of this law—which is really a new code for insurance, makes it far easier to punish perjury, and very dangerous to practice graft. The Armstrong law also provides for real representation of the policyholders, for the abolition of deferred dividends, for restriction of the cost of getting business, for annual appointment of surplus, for truthful and intelligible statements, for the punishment of rebating.

But its greatest service is the blow that this law strikes at the system of "high finances," which enables the managers of these great insurance companies to speculate with the policyholders' money for their personal profit.

"This," says the World, "the Armstrong law will do if it is enforced. But no law enforces itself. Public opinion, which compelled the passage of the bills, will fail to complete its task if it does not make the officials whose duty it is to enforce the law do their duty as the Armstrong committee did its duty in modelling this legislation, as the Legislature did its duty in passing it and as Governor Higgins did his duty in giving it the exetutive approval.

Public opinion can find voice only through the spoken or the written word. The largest audience which any voice can reach is a tiny fraction of the people of the United States. The written word goes to an audience limited only by the number of copies of the printed sheet. To give utterance to this written word, brought into being by the force of moral ideas, compelled by the power of public opinion, is a duty and a privilege and above all an honor.

The public conscience is sound. However private consciences may differ in their apologies for the weaknesses of their possessors, the collective conscience has no personal evasions, no excuses for wrong-doing. The force of moral ideas in the community is omnipotent. What it has done to insurance corruption it can do wherever and whenever the public safety is menaced.

Public opinion proceeding from the public conscience, compelled by the force of moral ideas, has destroyed one huge form of public corruption. It can destroy others. It can blot out all public iniquity, which requires the connivance of government and the maladministration of law."

The Entering Wedge.

When Portland burned in 1826 and Chicago was destroyed by fire in 1871—a Republican and protectionist Congress temporarily removed the tariff. To-day, in the presence of an infinitely greater catastrophe, and demand, it is by no means certain that this example will be followed.

Already the Iron Age and the Iron Trade Review are pooh-poohing the need for removing the tariff—as the New York Commercial says: Is there anything possible in the way of a great national calamity or tragedy that could thaw out these frigid Dingleyites? Is the "standpatter" all backbone and no heart?

To the same effect the Evening Post says:

"It was not logic but the appeals of starving men which gave England free trade. The failure of the potato crop of Ireland in 1845 did what Cobden's speeches and Bright's eloquence had not been able to accomplish. It compelled Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington—that Iron Duke whom Cobden reminded that, despite all his victories, he had 'never yet entered into a contest with Englishmen in which he was not beaten'—to repeal the Corn laws. Privilege and party and an historic policy had all to go by the board when humanity asserted itself against them. There might be various alleviations of Irish distress, the Prime Minister wrote, but 'the only effectual remedy is the removal of impediments to import.'

"Protection in this country is now facing a similar crisis. Devastated San Francisco is looking about for the material wherewith to rebuild, and finds the tariff prepared to exact the uttermost farthing from her even in her extremity. She needs lumber, and the vast stores of British Columbia are ready to pour in upon her, but the Dingley tariff thrusts itself between and says: 'First pay the extra $2 a thousand.' San Francisco needs steel and iron beams and girders, to make sure that the future city shall be so far as possible earthquake-proof; but the dead hand of protection first demands its payment of 1-2-cent a pound. Cement will be required in great quantities, but before San Francisco can get a barrel of it, the tariff tribute must be paid of 'eight cents per one hundred pounds, including weight of barrel or package.' In these and other ways does the tariff Apollyon straddle the path along which San Francisco would walk to recovery."

Even the Philadelphia Press in the "Home of Protection," urges the admission of free goods to San Francisco. But in 1866 and 1871 our industries were in truth "infant;" to-day they are overgrown giants exporting millions of dollars annually to be sold foreigners more cheaply than Americans.

This anomaly has ceased to amuse. On closer inspection it may even arouse another free trade campaign—and the protectionist protectors of themselves first and the country next would do well to pause before giving up the object of free goods for suffering San Francisco.

Our Education Page.

Our Education Page to-day continues its helpful contributions to this cause. An article by J. M. McBryde, Jr., of the Sweet Briar Institute, gives a number of valuable suggestions on the study of natural history in country schools. It would seem like carrying coals to New Castle to suggest to a country boy or girl that they should set about studying country things, but when we remember that the whole human race lived with flowers and birds for uncounted thousands of years until Linnaues developed the city of botany or Audubon, did his monumental work on ornithology, it is not so surprising that young people should not instinctively turn to the study of such subjects.

Another article on kindergartening in Richmond gives a clear insight into the workings and objects of this branch of education.

Professor Harris Hart contributes a number of very helpful suggestions on a standard country school building. Perhaps nothing has made greater advances in Virginia in the last few years than the character of buildings erected for school purposes. We are beginning to understand that the children can never acomplish their best work unless they are put in surroundings that will make it posible for them to be healthy and happy.

The Wednesday Club Concerts.

The coming festival of the Wednesday Club is being anticipated with extraordinary interest even for this ever-popular fixture in the musical annals of Richmond. Five concerts are to be given this year instead of three, as heretofore. The sale of tickets has already been unusually heavy, partly, no doubt, because of the attractiveness of the programme, and partly because the railroads have granted special rates for the occasion and a large number of out-of-town music-lovers will be in attendance. The school board, appreciating the educational value of such an opportunity, will allow excuses from their class work to school children who wish to be present. Everything points to a remarkably successful series, and the Wednesday Club is to be congratulated, in this connection, on the excellent work it has done and is doing in this important field of Richmond's life. The sole thing likely to mar the perfect success of the festival is the lack of a hall large enough to provide proper facilities for it. The occasion serves to show, again and forcibly, how sadly Richmond is in need of such a building.

A Vital Question.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"What think ye of Christ?"—Matt. xxii:42.

This was the question put by our Lord to the Jews. And it is His question put to us in these last days.

What are your views about Jesus of Nazareth? Are they true or false? Are they sincere and loyal? Let us examine ourselves closely.

1. As to His person. Is He God to you? Is he Man to you? Emmanuel, the Word made flesh? If not, who is He?

2. As to His work. Is it finished? His blood, His righteousness, His cross—what are they to you—salvation or foolishness?

3. As to His kingdom. Is it a holy and glorious kingdom to you? Do you understand the terms of entrance? It needs only the new birth and the act of simple faith in the King. Have you accepted them?

On these three vital points, what are your views? You only can reply. Are you of one mind with God as to each of them? To be of one mind with God is faith; not to be is unbelief, and all unbelief is sin.

Is thy understanding right as to these things? Dost thou know them?

Is thy heart right as to them? Dost thou feel them? Have they got hold of thy life and heart?

Is thy life right as to them? Art thou a better, truer, holier, more earnest man because of them? Is thy whole life, thy whole being, outer and inner, molded by them? If thy understanding and heart have received them, then thy life will show it. The truth, the joy, the light will shine through thee, and shine out from thee to all around.

What, then, think ye of Christ? Is He such as you can love and trust?

Is He your Saviour? Will you accept His just salvation? Are you glad to have Him for your Saviour? Have you any fault to find with Him? Would any change in His person or work have made Him more acceptable to you?

Is He the friend you need? Is His friendship the kind of friendship that appeals to your feelings, your temperament, your circumstances? Is His the sympathy, the counsel, the wisdom that will support and guide you in your trials?

As a King, will you withhold your homage? He governs the earth. He rules the universe. Will you not give Him your allegiance?

What say you to Him as a Judge? Do you enjoy the thought of Him as the Judge? Will you take Him to be your Judge? What think ye of standing before Him and giving in your account to Him?

"What think ye of Christ?" Do you say, "I know not what to think?" Take heed! There is something wrong within you, if not wrong altogether when you speak thus. Do you give no answer? It matters not! He knows. And by the company you keep, the books you read, the way you use your talents, spend your time and money, the manner in which you transact your business, your dealings in the market, your conduct at home, your letters and correspondence, your conversation with your neighbors—by all these the world shall soon find out what you think of Him!

The first issue of the Atlanta's new two-cent daily, the Georgian, has reached us, and we offer to its editor, John Temple Graves, and its publisher, F. L. Seely, our congratulations and good wishes. This initial issue is a big double, thirty-two page edition, full of news garnered through regular and special channels, and with an excellent display of advertising. The paper is neatly and attractively printed and well illustrated. Nearly 20,000 subscribers have already been listed.

If necessity knows no law, and if necessity is also the mother of invention, would it be correct to speak of the laws of invention as mother-in-laws? Or is the whole line of thought simply bally rot?

To show that work on the Panama Canal is really beginning in earnest, they are hauling 20,000 cars of cement down there. We hope to goodness they stick to it.

A Harvard instructor has been arrested of the charge of murdering his wife. Scarcely the man, we should say, for son Theodore to sit under.

France is now going to hold a general election, having doubtless read of the primary recently held with such success in Richmond.

Among the French aristocrats involved in that royalist plot we have searched vainly for the name, Hon. Boni Gould Castellane.

B. Franklin figures in the day's news with well-nigh the frequency of the late full-page champion, Jonathan P. Jones.

San Franciscans may suffer from the cold, but they give no sign of being troubled with cold feet.

No, Eustace—the Dewey reported at the Suez Canal is not the admiral. It is the Dry Dr.

A shower in times saves the sprinkling-man at least $9.

Senator Spooner also talked.

The Confederate Reunion.

The essence and meaning of the annual meeting of the United Confederate Veterans, now in progress in this city, will be lost if we consider only the elegant adornments and fine trappings of the occasion, for beneath these pleasing superficialities there are rugged types of manhood and womanhood which represent the enduring virtues of the race. The history of the Confederate soldier since the war is the history of achievement under difficulties. The same courage and heroism which ranked him among the world's greatest soldiers, carried into gentler pursuits, have made him one of the world's first citizens. Beset by many discouragements, and almost overwhelmed at times by apparently insurmountable difficulties, these men have rebuilt an empire out of the ashes left in the wake of war. They have re-established their industries and rebuilt their material fortunes, and, while holding tenaciously to the cherished principles of the old regime, have solved problems which only men of high order could have solved without endangering institutions of the first value to them and their American fellows. Protected by the prudence and patriotism of such men as these, a reunited country may rest securely upon the pillars of the founders.

The passing of these heroic types, and the nearness of the time when we shall not know the privilege of studying them at close range, should emphasize the value of present opportunities. We may look in vain for groveling mercenaries among the men who measure things according to their worth in blood. The man who offers his life in defense of a principle will not bargain his honor for vulgar gain. The type is worth while in this age of cant and commercialism, when the verities are mocked outright, or listed according to their worth in the marts. We have reached the high-tide in our worship of questionable thrift; as we swing back to the normal, we can find no finer examples of manhood than in these gray veterans gathered here to enjoy their annual reunion.

It is almost needless to again bespeak the welcome which New Orleans extends to these soldiers of the South. The feeling and sentiment of this population is too well known to need special emphasis. Welcome is written everywhere, and it has all the warmth and enthusiasm characteristic of the people of this city. That the meeting will be all it was expected to be seems reasonably certain. In point of numbers, it is, perhaps, one of the greatest in the history of these meetings in New Orleans. The formal opening of the convention yesterday was auspicious, and there is every indication that the business and social features of the meeting will be eminently satisfactory and that the city and the city's guests will derive mutual pleasure and benefit from it.—New Orleans Picayune.

THIS DAY IN HISTORY
April 29th.

Name Day, Sybilla. Sun rises at 5:10, sets at 6:50.

1735—The Turks defeated by the Persians, under Thomas Kouli Khan; 60,000 slain.

1793—A French privateer, with her prize, the Spanish ship San Jago, captured by the English; cargo valued at £1,500,000.

1829—An incendiary fire occurred in Westminster Abbey.

1849—The Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, declared by ukase his purpose to assist Austria.

1861—The Maryland House of Delegates voted against secession, sixty-three to thirteen. Governor Harris, of Tennessee, seized bonds and money in the collector's hands at Nashville, belonging to the Federal government. Three steamships seized at New Orleans by order of Governor Moore, of Louisiana.

1884—Congressman James A. Garfield, afterwards President, asked for the appointment of a committee to investigate Frank Blair's charges against Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase.

1878—The first train on the Gilbert Elevated Railroad in New York run through Sixth Avenue.

1905—Czar's Easter ukase remitted $35,000,000 peasant taxes, took seals from altars of Old Faith, and made religion free to all but Jews.

Only the Man Who Does Things.

"You have been with that firm a long time," said the old school friend.

"Yes," answered the man with the patient expression of countenance.

"What's young position?"

"I'm an employe."

"But what is your official title?"

"I haven't any official title. It's like this: When the proprietor wants something done he tells the cashier, and the cashier tells the bookkeeper, and the bookkeeper tells the assistant bookkeeper, and the assistant bookkeeper tells the chief clerk, and the chief clerk tells me."

"And what then?"

"Well, I haven't anybody to tell, so I have to go and do it."—Judge.

Unfavorable.

"Good weather for crops, eh?" chirped the traveler, one of your superficial optimists.

The farmer shook his head, sadly.

"On the contrary," he replied, for he was an educated farmer.

"No?"

"As a matter of fact the crops are suffering."

"On account of the weather?"

"On account of the weather."

"Bright sunshine, following copious showers, do crops suffer in such weather?"

"Naturally, crops are bound to suffer in any weather which makes fish bite. If these conditions continue, we sha'n't raise much this year."

And the farmer shook his head again, and sighed heavily.—Puck.

Lamps.

Teacher (of East Sid eSchool)—I wonder how many of you remember the pretty story of Aladdin and the wonderful lamp I told you last week. Billy Bleecker, can you tell me why our little friend Aladdin rubbed his lamp?

Divined.

She was ready to sink through the floor. She did not speak, but he had only to look into her great, shy eyes to divine her mind.

"Going down!" he yelled, accordingly, to the elevator boy.—Puck.

Rhymes for To-Day

Prosaic Jim McPhoys.

AND as I strolled with Jim McPhoys,
A thinking of the simple joys,
I had in long-gone years,
My tears come flowin' thick and fast,
And Jim, annoyed-like, growled and ast:
"Dodgast it! Why them tears?"

"I can't restrain 'em, Jim," I said,
"I've 'eard my ma-in-law was dead—
I'll stow 'em if I can."
And Jim retorted: "Ma-in-law!
Dadrot it! Hold your bloomin jaw—
You ain't a married man."

"That's so!" I cried—the tears come strong—
I must ha' read the message wrong,
The hand was kind o' slant;
I see now—'twas my aunt as died";
But Jim screamed out from close beside
"You never had no aunt!"

"By heck! You're right, McPhoys, I said,
"But sho'ly some relations dead—
The wire wouldn't lie."
I only got a glance from Jim:
"You ain't received no wire," says him,
"That's right—I ain't," says I.

H. S. H.

Merely Joking.

His Good Reason.—"Why do you think opals are your lucky stone?" "Because my wife prefers diamonds."—Houston Post.

And Candy.—"Papa, I want to marry Jack." "Why, you foolish girl, he only earns $25 per week." "Well, think of all the violets that would buy."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Possibly.—"He thinks he's an ornament to society, doesn't he?" "Well, maybe he is right. He's certainly no earthly use to it."—Cleveland Leader.

Expensive Memory.—Jinks: "How's your wife?" Binks: "My wife is lost to sight, to memory dear." Jinks: "Why, my dear fellow, I never heard your wife was dead." Binks: "She isn't. I'm paying her $50 a week alimony."—Life.

Not So Particular.—Farmer Cobb:: "Are ye going to keep pigs this year, Caleb?" Farmer Huskins: "Lord, no! That's jest ez much profit keepin' boarders, an' not half so much trouble feedin' em!"—Puck.

A Strong Character.—"The man across the aisle has a very strong face. He looks to me like a person of remarkable decision." "I guess that's right. His remarkable decision drew a mob after him this afternoon, and he had to run like a whirlwind to escape it." "Indeed! May I ask his business?" "He's a baseball umpire."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.